VISIT…

LANZAROTE Caliente.COM

That Old Black Magic.

Music by Harold Arlen. Words by Johnny Mercer

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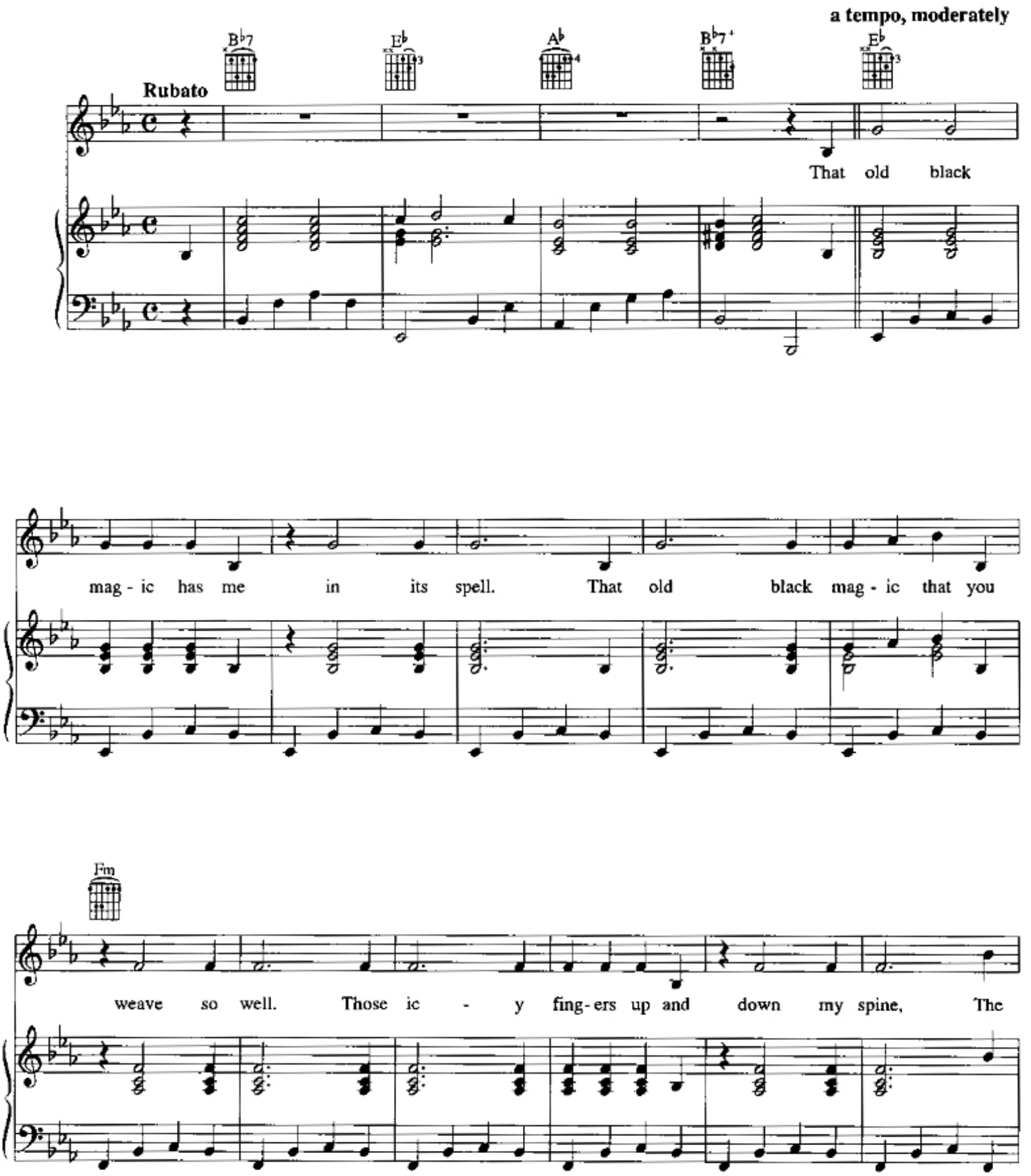
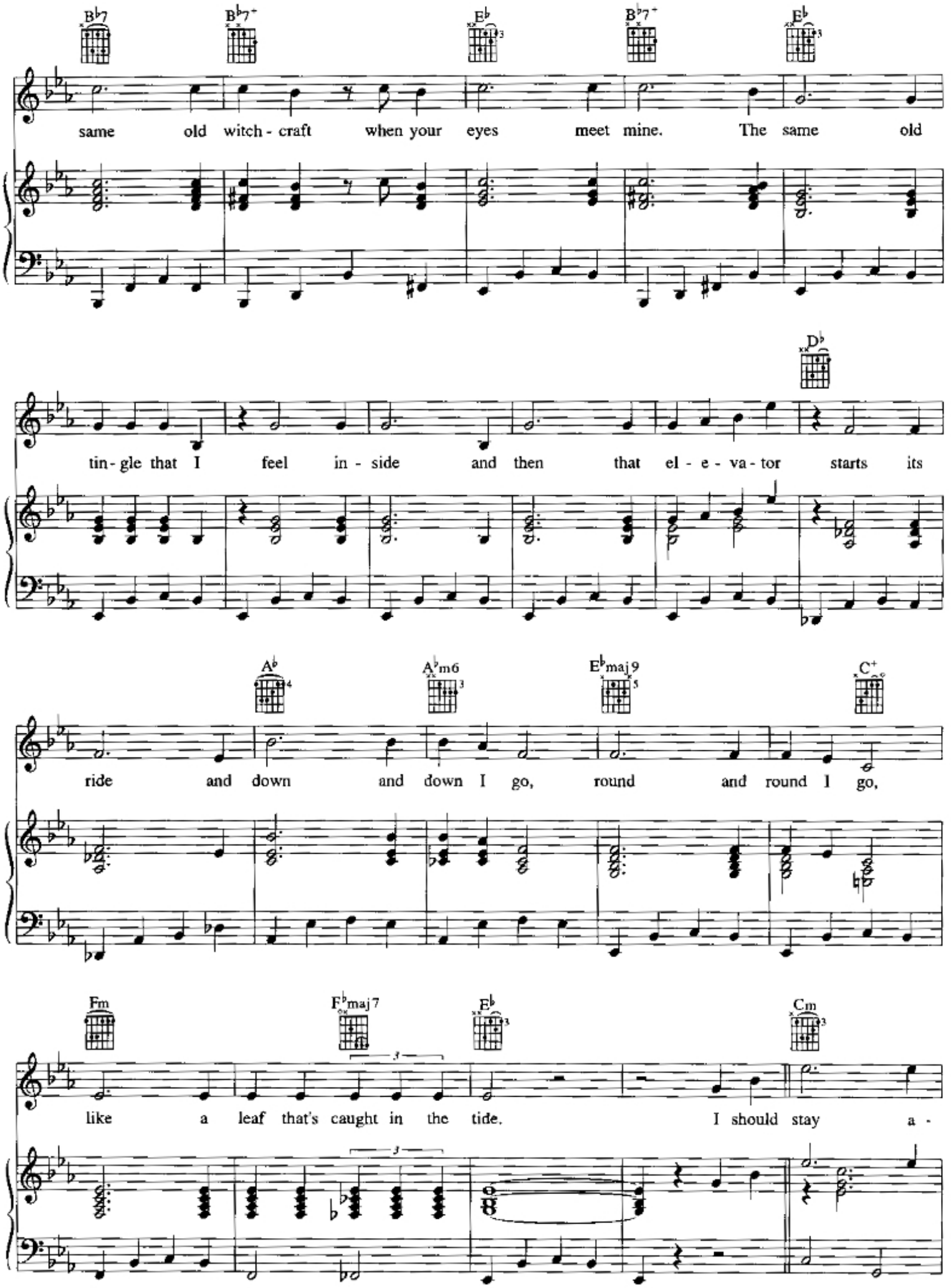
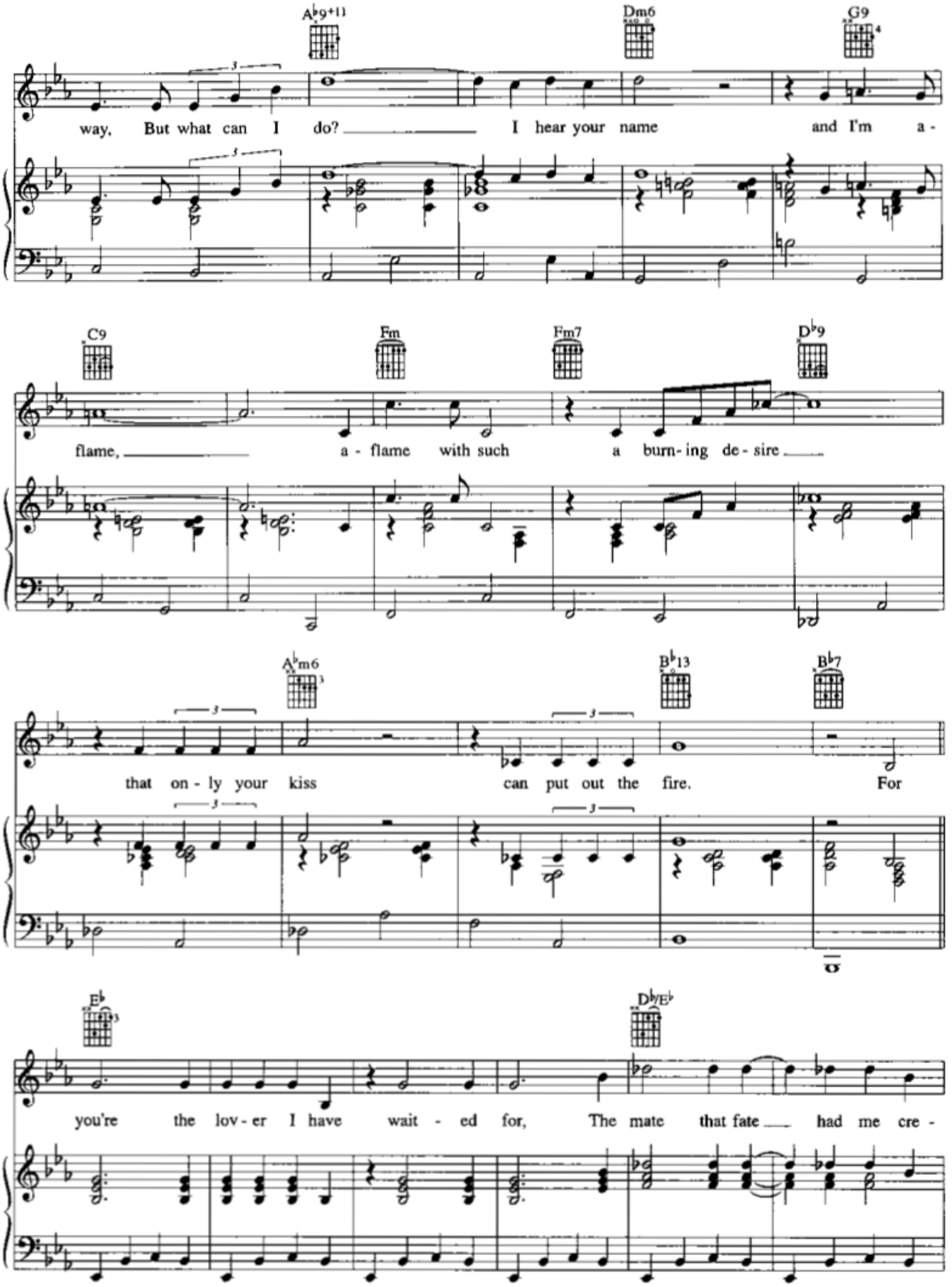
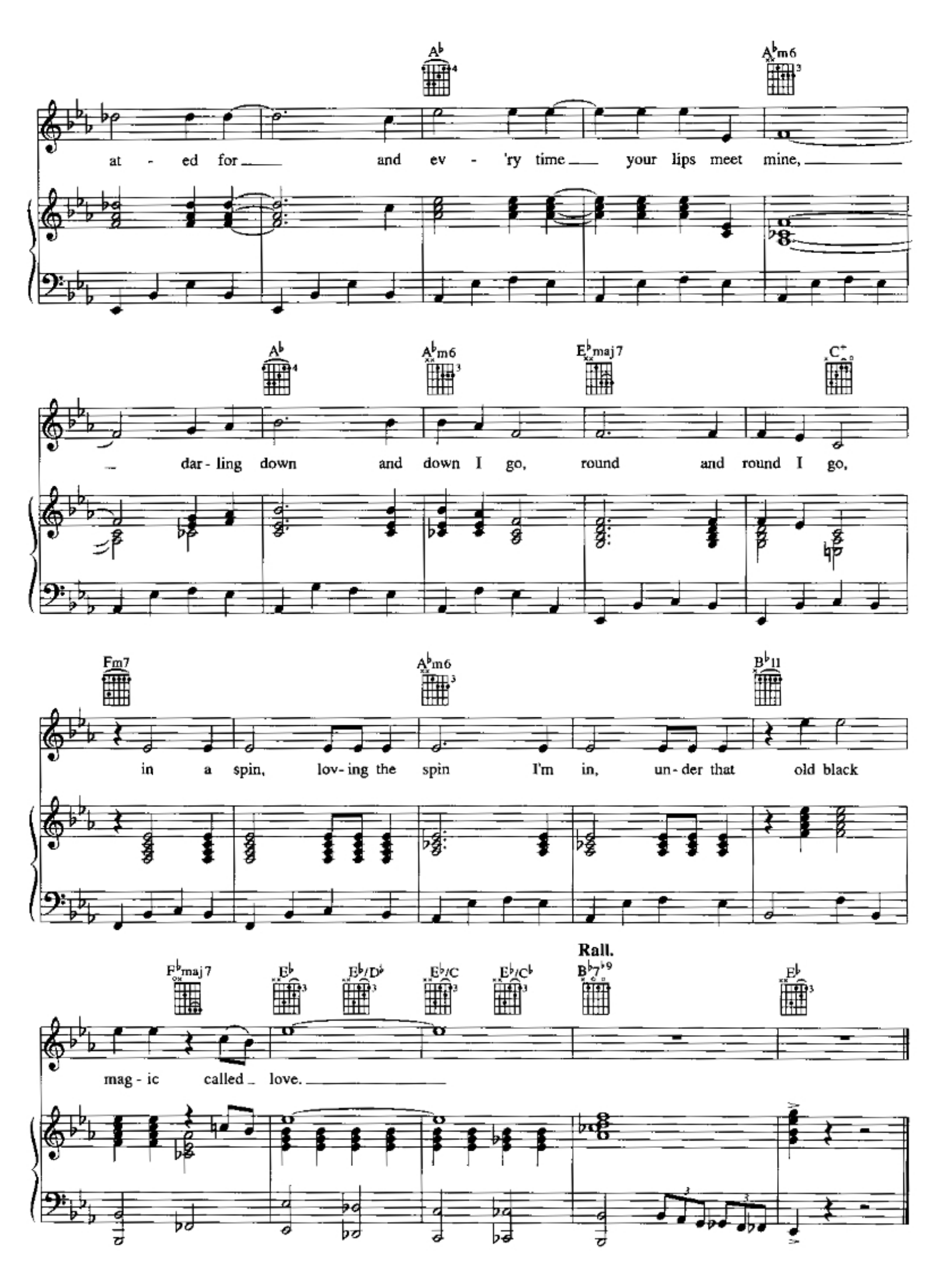



B♭7
B♭7+
E♭
B♭7+
E♭
same old witch - craft when your eyes meet mine. The same old
D♭
tin - gle that I feel in - side and then that el - e - va - tor starts its
A♭
A♭m6
E♭maj9
C+
ride and down and down I go, round and round I go,
Fm
F♭maj7
E♭
Cm
like a leaf that's caught in the tide. I should stay a -


A♭9+11
Dm6
G9
way, But what can I do? I hear your name and I'm a-
C9
Fm
Fm7
D♭9
flame, a-flame with such a burn-ing de-sire
A♭m6
B♭13
B♭7
that on-ly your kiss can put out the fire. For
E♭
D♭/E♭
you're the lov-er I have wait-ed for, The mate that fate had me cre-


A♭
A♭m6
at - ed for and ev - 'ry time your lips meet mine,
A♭
A♭m6
E♭maj7
C+
dar - ling down and down I go, round and round I go,
Fm7
A♭m6
B♭11
in a spin, lov - ing the spin I'm in, un - der that old black
Rall.
F♭maj7
E♭
E♭/D♭
E♭/C
E♭/C♭
B♭7♭9
E♭
mag - ic called love.